

## Forces

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Volume 2015

Article 13

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5-1-2015

# Dear You

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### Recommended Citation

Ly, Aaron (2015) "Dear You," *Forces*: Vol. 2015 , Article 13.

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## DEAR YOU

Aaron Ly

Salute to days of solitude apart  
Where open hearts and shallow marks are equal  
The well of water known as “I love you”  
Has been reduced to dribbling drops  
While soda pop and Tequila shots inhabit  
The world around you but she still lives by that well  
And with an ocean in between  
With distance anchoring their dreams  
The only thing that ties their strings is postal literacy  
But the years got by  
And with every stroke constructing letters

**EXCHANGE** Claire (Qu) Wu

She tries to grow another feather  
But there's so many now, they weigh her down  
And only her spirit keeps her tethered to the ground  
But the only sound that you can hear  
Is the scribble and scratch of a pen and pad or piece of paper  
And it doesn't have to be neatly tapered  
It doesn't have to be college-ruled  
Because like a fool she blissfully wrote out these  
Letters of love on the back of her tax bills  
Her rough drafts consisted of the backs of grocery receipts  
And leaving no method obsolete she  
Disobeyed the physics of her heart  
And disregarded that ocean for the sky  
In her right hand is a pen. In her left is a string  
Because as a child when she was first plunged  
Into the darkest depths of "school"  
There were only three things she found comprehensible:  
The first was that boys have cooties  
The second was that THIS was how you hold a pencil  
You take your index and middle finger and with the utensil as a barrier  
You squeeze tight and you write, but what she wrote was incomprehensible  
That was when she learned the third thing  
That THIS was how you STRING together letters and words  
And you let them RING throughout your head almost  
As if the metaphysical was physical  
So she tightens her left hand into a ball and lets her wrist roll  
And she doesn't let go, and it's not because she can't  
It's because she doesn't know  
How, so every night, I can see the silhouette  
Of a feathered quill against a piece of paper  
Ending each continuous string of thought  
On, "I hope to see you soon." With emotion  
In every word she prays a silent prayer  
To her savior and with the next line,  
The next page, the next letter: "Dear you,"